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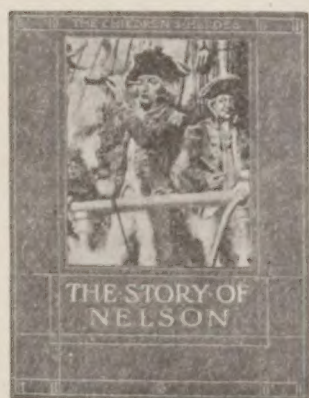
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THE CHILDREN'S PAPER

DECEMBER 1922

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A PRECIOUS CHRISTMAS GIFT



LONG ago, in the year 1642, there was born on Christmas Day one of the tiniest babies, with one of the most wonderful brains that the world has ever known. He was so small that his mother used afterwards to say that he might have been easily put into a quart mug; and yet inside the head of that little Hop-o'-my-thumb there was something which was to make him one of the great men of the earth.

Small as the baby was, he was a very precious gift to his young mother, who had lost her husband soon after her wedding day, and the little fatherless baby was doubly welcome when he came into the world with the sound of the Christmas bells.

It was in the manor house of Woolsthorpe in Lincolnshire that this baby was born, and on New Year's Day he was carried to the parish church at Colsterworth and given the name of his father, Isaac Newton.

It could have been no easy matter to dress the baby in any christening robe except such as a fairy or pixie might wear; but the boy soon began to grow apace, and ere long showed plainly that he was no changeling, but a healthy, vigorous young Briton.

As soon as Isaac was old enough he went to a day school, but it was not until he was twelve years old that he was entered at the public school of Grantham.

Now Isaac was rather careless and inattentive about

his lessons and was usually at the very bottom of his class, until it happened one day that he had a fight with a boy near the top. This boy was a bully and did not play fair, but gave Isaac a very nasty kick which hurt badly.

From that day young Isaac made up his mind to get above his enemy in class, and at once gave his whole mind to learning his lessons. Each day he won a higher and higher place, and even after passing the enemy, kept steadily on until he became head boy of the school.

Schoolboy games had little interest for Isaac. His head was full of ideas about making mechanical models which would work by themselves, and he collected by degrees all sorts of little saws, hatchets, hammers, and other tools which he used with deft, clever fingers.

A windmill was being built just then on the road not very far from Grantham, and Isaac whenever he could watched the building with the most intense interest. He made friends with the workmen, and was allowed to look on while they put together all the different parts of the machinery, so that by the time it was finished he knew almost as much about it as the workmen themselves. After that it was no very difficult



matter for him to make a small model of the windmill with sails and machinery complete, to the great wonder and admiration of all who saw it.

The wonderful little model windmill was set at first on the roof of the house, that the wind might turn the sails and set the machinery working; but as winds are apt to be uncertain, Isaac thought of a new plan and began to work his model by animal power. A kind of treadmill was connected with the machinery,

and a mouse was set to run round and round—or, rather, to try and run round—which set the wheel in motion.

It is to be hoped that the inventor was kind to "the little miller," as he called the mouse, for it must have been hard and monotonous work for the small animal, who cared nothing for experiments, and was only anxious to climb up to the corn placed so temptingly beyond his reach above the wheel.

Isaac's next idea was to make a clock worked by water, and he begged the apothecary, Mr. Clark, with whom he boarded, for a good-sized wooden box, and fitted it up with a dial and hands, and arranged the works which were set agoing by the slow dropping of a certain quantity of water which he regulated daily. It really turned out to be quite a useful clock, and was used by the whole family for many years.

After that came the idea of a little carriage on four wheels, which could be worked by the person who sat inside; but although this was made it was not a great success, as it was impossible to work it uphill, and it was only useful on very smooth level roads.

The boys at school soon discovered that although Isaac Newton was no good at games he could make the most splendid things to play with, and his kites were the envy of every one. He made paper lanterns too, which were extremely useful on winter mornings when the boys had to find their way to school in the dark.

Those school companions were nevertheless of no great interest to Isaac, and his real friend was a little girl, two or three years younger than himself, who was living in the same house in which he lodged. He must have been a very delightful friend for any little girl to have, for he made her the most beautiful chairs and tables for her dolls, and all kinds of little cupboards and boxes in which to keep her treasures. She was a clever child, and Isaac, who was a "sober, silent, thinking lad," was much happier in her company than in the playground with those shouting boys.

All this time, besides making toys and working models, Isaac had taught himself to draw, and it was one of his great pleasures. But although he was so fond of drawing it was certainly his model-making which took up most of his attention. The water-clock was not very satisfactory after all, and he now turned his attention to making sun-dials. The country people round about thought very highly of "Isaac's dial," and often came to know the time of day by it.

When Isaac was still a little boy his mother had married again and made her home at the rectory of North Witham, but by the time he was fourteen his

step-father died and the family went back to live at the old manor house of Woolsthorpe.

It was necessary then that some one should help to work the farm, and as there was but little money to spare for school fees, Isaac was brought home, that he might set to work at once and learn to be a farmer.

There was not much of the farmer about Isaac, and there seemed a poor chance of turning him into one. When he was sent to the Grantham market to sell grain and buy what the household required, he left all the bargaining to the servant who went with him, and wandered away to his old lodgings, where he knew he would find books to read. Sometimes he even carried a book from home with him, and stretched himself out behind some hedge to read while the old servant went on to the market, and he lay absorbed until the servant returned and it was time to go home.

It was just as bad if he went to do work in the fields. His whole mind was bent on inventing water-wheels or some other contrivance, or else he was so deeply interested in watching the sun-shadows that he allowed the sheep to wander away at their own sweet will, and never noticed when the cows broke into the cornfields, eating and trampling down the corn.

Evidently it was no use to try and make a farmer of Isaac, for both the boy and the farm suffered, and so his mother with a sigh made up her mind to let him go back to school to prepare for the university. Perhaps, after all, thought she, there *might* be something in his queer ideas and his curious love for strange calculations.

So the path was made smooth for Isaac Newton to follow until it led to those wonderful discoveries about the workings of the heavenly bodies that were to bring a flood of light into the world, and set his name foremost in the list of great men of genius.

Well might they long afterwards write in the room where that small baby was born one Christmas Day—

"Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night,
God said 'Let Newton be,' and all was Light."

A Test Story.

It is said that Newton (or some one else) had two cats, a large one and a small one. A friend visited him one day, and seeing two openings at the bottom of the door of his room, asked why they had been cut. "Why," said Newton (or some one else), "the large hole is for the large cat to pass in and out, and the small hole for the small cat."

Hand Shadows.

A SCREEN of white cloth about three feet square should be fastened to the wall and drawn taut, so as to have no ruck or crease. A large sheet of perfectly smooth white paper will make an equally satisfactory background.

The best light for casting shadows is given by a candle, which should not be lighted until a minute



FIG. 1.—A RABBIT.

or so after the gas has been turned out. This will have the effect of making its light appear all the more brilliant.

Before attempting to give an exhibition of the various shadows, exercise the fingers to make them pliable. Clench the fist and try to raise one finger without moving the others. Raise each finger in turn and they will soon become supple; then you may commence learning to make the pictures.

The candle should be on a level with the hand, and you must stand rather to one side of the screen, in order that your body may not interfere with the view of the audience.

How to make the Pictures.—In Fig. 1 you see the well-known rabbit, usually the first shadow made by the amateur performer. Stretch the right thumb down and the forefinger up as far as it will go, whilst



FIG. 2.—A BUTTERFLY.

the second and third fingers should be thrust out, slightly bent, as shown in the figure. With the left hand crook the forefinger against the upright forefinger of the right hand, and bring the thumb to touch

the last-mentioned finger, making a little loop as depicted. Stick the second and third fingers of the

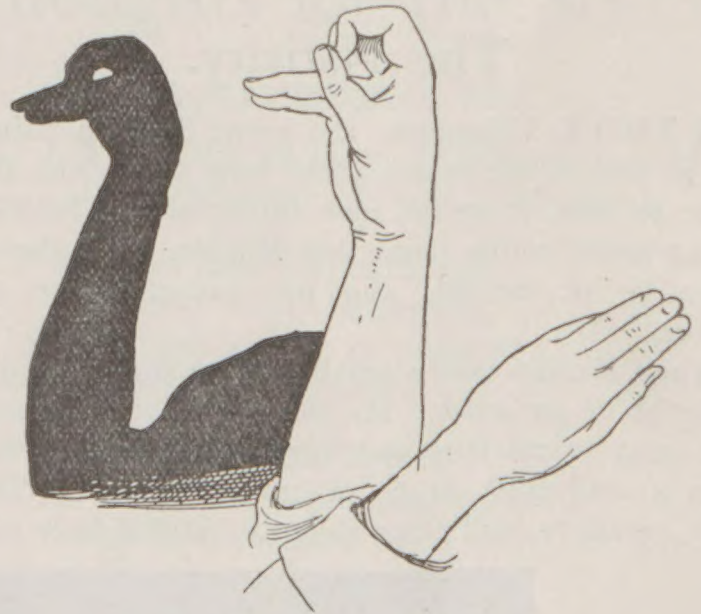


FIG. 3.—A SWAN.

left hand upright, although slightly bent. Your two hands should now appear as in Fig. 1, and the shadow they cast will be that of a rabbit.

The butterfly in Fig. 2 is very easily made, and needs little explanation. Extend the thumbs of both hands, keeping the four fingers of each bunched together.

Then cross your hands with the thumbs crooked in one another, and the butterfly will be ready to flit on to the screen.

To make the swan shown in Fig. 3, both arms must be partly bared and the right one bent upwards from the elbow. Extend the third and fourth fingers horizontally, bend the first and second loosely upon themselves and bring the thumb to rest naturally upon their tips. Hold the left hand easily at the crook of



FIG. 4.—A GREYHOUND.

the elbow, as shown in the figure, and the swan is complete.

Fig. 4 depicts a greyhound ready to sprint. Extend the right hand thumb and close the fingers together. With the left hand bend the thumb outwards, double the forefinger, and bring the middle finger down to touch the first finger of the right hand.

Bible Story.

The Nativity.

WHILE Velazquez, the great Spanish painter, was in the palace of the king at Madrid, there came to him, from his own birthplace of Seville, a young artist whose name was Murillo. He also was a native of Seville, and his parents were poor people.

When Murillo was a small boy he showed a great desire to be an artist. He painted religious pictures, and went to markets and fairs, where he sold them from a stall, just as people to-day sell vegetables, fruit, crockery, and other things. At this time many

Murillo's last picture was an altar-piece for a church in Cadiz ; but this work he could not finish, for he fell from the scaffold on which he was working, and was taken back to Seville, where he died. He was not only a great artist, but he was also a good and kind man.

On this page is printed a copy of one of his many wonderful paintings. Murillo has put into a picture the account of the birth of Christ which is given in the New Testament. There we read :—

“ And Mary brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger ; because there was no room for them in the inn.

“ And there were in the same country shepherds



THE NATIVITY.
(After Murillo.)

people from Spain had gone to live in South America, and some of Murillo's pictures were bought so that they might be sent there to be put in the churches and houses.

Before long Murillo was able to save a little money, and he decided to walk all the way to Madrid, where the great artists of Spain went, just as in Britain most of them go to London. If you look at a map of Spain you will see that he had a long way to go, and his way led him over more than one range of dangerous mountains.

When Murillo arrived in Madrid and went to see Velazquez, the great artist was most kind to him, and helped him as much as he could ; so that in time Murillo also became one of the great artists of the world.

abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

“ And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them : and they were sore afraid.

“ And the angel said unto them, Fear not : for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

“ For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

“ And this shall be a sign unto you ; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

“ And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

"And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

"And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.

"And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child.

"And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds.

"But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart.

"And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them."



THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS.

(A modern artist's idea of Murillo's subject.)

Golden Texts for Christmas.

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.—ST. LUKE ii. 14.

Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given.—ISAIAH ix. 6.

Thoughts for the Season.

Christmas-Tide.

MAKE we merry in hall and bower,
This time was born our Saviour.

In this time God hath sent
His own Son to be present,
To dwell with us in veriment:
God is our Saviour.

In this time that is befall,
A Child was born in an ox stall,
And after He died for us all:
God is our Saviour.

In this time an angel bright
Met three shepherds upon a night,
He bade them go anon of right
To God that is our Saviour.

In this time now pray we
To Him that died for us on tree,
On us all to have pitee:
God is our Saviour.

R. HILLES.

On Reading a New Book.

"VERY ready we are to say of a book, 'How good this is—that's exactly what I think!' But the right feeling is, 'How strange that is! I never thought of that before, and yet I see it is true; or if I do not now, I hope I shall some day.'"

JOHN RUSKIN.

A Winter Landscape.

"A DEEP stillness in the thickest part of the wood, undisturbed except by the occasional dropping of the snow from the holly boughs; no other sound but that of the water; and the slender notes of a red-breast, which sang at intervals on the outskirts of the southern side of the wood, was enchanting. And each tree, taken singly, was beautiful; the branches of the hollies, pendent with their white burden, but still showing their bright red berries and their glossy green leaves; the bare branches of the oaks thickened by the snow."

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH.

YE who now will bless the poor
Shall yourselves find blessing.

Old Carol.



SMILES

*"The happy smiles of the young
are the sunshine of the old"*



WILL had been instructed by his father to clean up the yard, and he had promised to do so to the best of his ability.

That evening, however, when his father returned from the office and took a look at the yard, he became very angry.

"Will," he called, "I thought I told you to clean up that yard!"

"Well, Dad, I did," said Will, virtuously. "I threw everything over the fence as soon as I could; but the boy next door threw everything back when I went into the town for mother."

✦ ✦ ✦

"SARGENT was a great artist," said the drawing teacher. "With one stroke he could change a smiling face into a sorrowful one."

"That isn't anything," cried John. "My mother does that to me lots of times."

✦ ✦ ✦

"Was it a bad accident?"

"Well, I was knocked speechless, and my wheel was knocked spokeless."

✦ ✦ ✦

WHILE a detachment of American negroes was marching through a small French town, a chicken, unaware of the appetites of American darkies, crossed the road in front of them. With much zeal a soldier broke from the ranks and set out in pursuit.

"Halt!" bellowed the officer in charge.

Both fowl and negro only accelerated their paces.

"Halt! Halt!" repeated the officer.

The dusky warrior made one plunge and, grasping the chicken by the neck, stuffed it, struggling, inside his shirt.

"There!" he panted. "Ah'll learn you to halt when de captain says halt, yo' dis'bedient bird."

✦ ✦ ✦

How fast can you say it?—

"If a Hottentot taught a Hottentot tot

To talk ere the tot could totter,

Ought the Hottentot tot

To be taught to say 'ought'

Or 'naught,' or what ought to be taught her?"

"If to hoot and to toot a Hottentot tot

Be taught by a Hottentot tutor,

Should the tooter get hot

If the Hottentot tot

Hoot and toot at the Hottentot's tutor?"

A Few Conundrums.

(Sent in by some of our Readers.)

WHEN is butter like Irish children?

Ans. When it's made into little Pats.

(MAY JARVIS.)

WHAT trade would you recommend to a small boy?

Ans. Grocer (grow, sir).

(MAY JARVIS.)

WHERE do blackbirds go in cherry time?

Ans. To Peckham (peck 'em).

(NORMAN ROBERTS.)

How do we know that a pigeon is a very cautious bird?

Ans. He minds his peas and coos (p's and q's).

(WILLIAM POOLER.)

(No one must accuse the Editress of this.)

WHEN is a carving knife on its travels?

Ans. When it cuts its way through Turkey and Greece.

(WILLIAM POOLER.)

WHAT is the best way to make a thin baby fat?

Ans. Throw it out of the window, and it will come down plump.

(MARY POOLER.)

WHAT goes up when the rain comes down?

Ans. An umbrella.

(RITA E. BALDWIN.)

WHY is a candlemaker the wickedest and most unfortunate man in the world?

Ans. Because all his works are wicked and all his wicked works are brought to light.

(JOE CLAY.)

WHAT is the difference between a jeweller and a jailer?

Ans. One sells watches and the other watches cells.

(JIM GREEN.)

WHY did the milk turn?

Ans. Because it heard the ice cream.

(MARY HASSALL.)

WHY did the willow weep?

Ans. Because it saw the waterfall.

(MARY HASSALL.)

WHICH is the queen of all the roses?

Ans. The rose on the watering-can, because it rains (reigns) over all.

(MARJORIE STEVENSON.)

Riddles.

BLACK are we, but much admired;

Men seek for us till they are tired.

We tire the horse, but comfort man.

Tell me this riddle if you can.—*Ans.* Coals.

LONG legs, crooked thighs,

Little head, and no eyes.—*Ans.* Tongs.

Cokernut Kisses for Christmas.

COKERNUT KISSES are most delicious sweets, which cost very little to make, and need no cooking, while the only ingredients required are the white of an egg and a tablespoonful of water, mixed to-



STIRRING THE ICING SUGAR AND COKERNUT INTO THE WHITE OF EGG.

gether in a soup plate, half a pound of well-sieved icing sugar, half a pound of desiccated cokernut, and a little cochineal for tinting some of the sweets pink.

Stir alternate spoonfuls of sugar and of desiccated cokernut into the white of egg until the compound thus made is so stiff you can no longer stir it, then divide it into two parts, and tint one half prettily pink with cochineal, leaving the other half white.

Place a sheet of grease-proof sandwich paper (oiled paper is not needed for these sweets) close at hand, and sprinkle it with dry icing sugar, and then pick up rough lumps of the cokernut mixture with a fork, and place them to dry in a row on the grease-proof paper. Make them as nearly as possible the same size, and when dry—in a couple of hours—they are ready to eat.

It is a very attractive plan to put each of the Cokernut Kisses into a tiny paper case made of white or pink tissue paper, cut in three-inch squares, folded into four, and held by the folded end, while the

four points are drawn several times through the fingers to crease them prettily.

They are then opened out, and one paper is placed inside another, and arranged to make an eight-pointed case, in the middle of which a sweetmeat is arranged.

A dozen of these, placed in a little box, lined with grease-proof paper, and tied up with pink ribbon, makes a delightful present.



PICKING UP ROUGH LUMPS OF COKERNUT WITH A FORK.

Two Party Stories.

"How many legs has a sheep?" asked a barrister, who had been appointed to inquire into the sanity of the person he was questioning.

"Do you mean," asked the other, "a live sheep or a dead sheep?"

"Is it not the same thing?" asked the man of law.

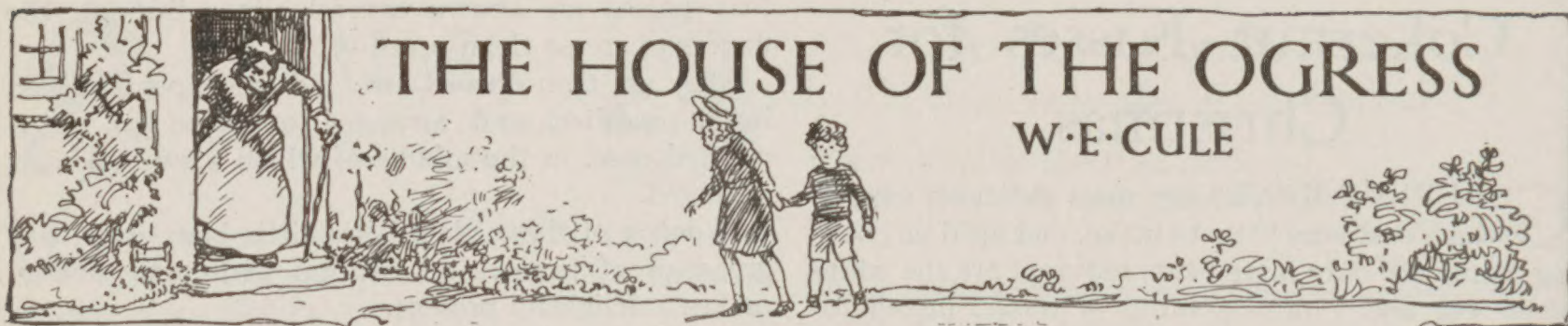
"Not at all," was the reply of the person whose sanity was in question; "there is much difference. A live sheep may have four legs; a dead sheep has only two: the two fore legs are shoulders, but there are only two legs of mutton to each sheep."

✦ ✦ ✦

A MEDICAL student under examination was questioned on the different effects of heat and cold, and replied, "Heat expands and cold contracts."

"Quite right," said the examiner. "Can you give me an example?"

"Yes, sir. In summer, which is hot, the days are longer; but in winter, which is cold, the days are shorter."



CHAPTER XIII.

THE HOUSE IS CAPTURED.

WHEN the soldiers streamed in to surround the house, Avril and her uncle were left at the gate with the unbelieving gardener, who was now an unbeliever no longer. There they stood and watched while the front door was broken in, the men looking on with intense expectation and Avril with great excitement. But she could not understand it at all.

"But if they aren't Ogres, what are they?" she asked. "Why must they be captured? Is it because they were unkind to Boy Harold?"

"No, Avril," said her uncle; "it is because they are the King's enemies. You shall hear all about it presently."

Then the policeman and the young officer, Lieutenant Preston, went into the house, taking two or three soldiers with them; and the broken front door was left open, with two other soldiers guarding it. It was then that Avril, without saying a word, left her uncle's side and ran straight into the house. The soldiers did not attempt to stop her; they only smiled and let her pass.

"Well, upon my word!" said Uncle Horace. "What a girl it is! I hope she won't get into trouble in there."

"Not she," said the gardener. "Don't you worry about that. She's gone in to find the little boy, you may depend upon it; and since she found him once, she's pretty sure to find him again."

By this time the policeman and Lieutenant Preston had gone upstairs to the second floor, and had found the room which Avril had told them of. They tried the door, but it was locked. They knocked, but there was no answer. Then the policeman shouted, "Open in the King's name!" But still there was no reply; so the

policeman beckoned to one of the soldiers to break it in.

But all this time the men inside the room were very busy. They had no hope of escape now, for they had seen the soldiers surround the house; but they meant to do their best to hide the work they had been doing. They could not hide their great printing machine, but they took one special part of it and placed it up the chimney. Then they gathered together quite a large pile of little slips of printed paper and placed them in the grate. They were going to burn these before the door could be opened.

It was then that their plan went wrong.

"Hurry up, John," said the little grey man. "Give me the matches, quick."

The man in leggings felt in his pockets and brought out a matchbox, but he swore a great oath when he saw that the box was empty. At that moment came the first knock upon the door, but they took no notice. Eagerly, anxiously they searched the room, hoping to find another matchbox. There was not one there; and then, as they looked stupidly at one another, they heard the second call:

"Open in the King's name!"

"I'm afraid there's nothing else to do," said the little grey man, shrugging his shoulders. "What do you think?"

"Think!" said his brother savagely. "I think this comes of your carelessness in leaving doors open. You deserve to be hanged, and I hope you will be."

The little grey man never lost his temper. "I shan't be hanged," he said. "And you mustn't blame me, either. This doesn't happen because I left a door open. It began before that, when that bit of a girl saw the boy in the train."

Then the soldier hurled himself against the door—once, twice, three times; and at the third try it crashed in. By that time the two Ogres were standing calmly by the window,

looking out ; and they hardly troubled to turn round when the policeman spoke to them.

"Do you give in ?" he cried.

"Oh, of course," said the little grey man, "since you have brought so many friends with you to persuade us ! We're always willing to listen to reason.—Eh, John ?"

John did not answer, but held out his hands sullenly. In a moment both were handcuffed, and the soldiers took them downstairs to lock them in the little back sitting-room.

The policeman gathered out of the grate the unburnt slips of paper, and made a bundle of them ; then, after a little search in other places, he put his hand up the chimney and felt about until he discovered something which had only just been hidden there. He brought it out, and it was just a little plate of copper, with curious markings on it. He examined it carefully, Lieutenant Preston looking over his shoulder.

"That's it," said the policeman. "As clever a piece of work as any man ever did. In this room, sir, they've printed tens of thousands of the new one-pound notes with this machine, and nobody could find out where they came from. We couldn't tell whether 'twas done in London or in the country, for that woman, you see, was travelling about all the time, handing the false money to different members of the gang in different towns. And as far as I can make out, all the stuff they wanted for their mischief was sent down to them in the corn they were buying for their poultry. That was what my brother noticed first—that they were getting so much corn. And then, when the little girl began to worry him with questions about the house and the boy, he thought he had better come and talk to me about it all."

"So you took out a search warrant and came ?"

"Yes, sir. It seemed to me that this old house needed looking into. I fancy, too, that it will be the best job I've ever done since I've been a detective at Hockminster. But it's quite plain I couldn't have managed it like this if you hadn't been on the spot with your men."

"Ah," said Lieutenant Preston, "I think you owe that, too, to the young lady ; and the Duke owes much to you both."

Then they went downstairs, and in the big dining-room Uncle Horace and the gardener were

shown the treasures of the mysterious room at the top of the house—the false notes and the little copper plate from which they had been printed. "And of course, sir," said the young policeman, "your little lady will deserve a lot of the credit for this great capture. If it hadn't been for her, the thing might never have happened.—By the way, where is she ? Have you sent her home ?"

Then they went to look for Avril, and it did not take them long to find her. They all trooped upstairs again to the back room which had been Harold's prison ; and there they found her sitting like a little picture of compassion on the prisoner's bed, with the prisoner's arms around her and his head upon her shoulder.

"Yes," she said, when they all came in, "he's all right now ; but he's had a very terrible time lately, and I've had to comfort him. But what is he to do now, Uncle ? You won't leave him here any longer, will you ?"

So far they hadn't thought about Harold at all, and now they looked at one another questioningly. But it was Uncle Horace who settled the matter by saying, in his prompt, hearty way :

"There is plenty of room at Homelands for such a little one, and I think he can stay there till he is wanted somewhere else—that is, if Avril is willing. Of course, I have to ask her first."

He twinkled again as he looked at her, full of his old teasing and mischief. Avril, however, did not answer in words, and he had to guess from her look whether she gave her consent or not. He seemed to be quite satisfied, anyway, for a moment later they were searching the house for Harold's clothes, and for any other things that might belong to him. Then in a little while they all went out together, down to the big doors which for so many months had shut in from the world the secrets of the Culver House.

The officer left six men to keep guard over the house and its prisoners until the police could arrive from Hockminster, but the other soldiers got ready for their march back to Rodley. Before they were quite ready, however, Avril found Jack Brown, to say good-bye and to thank him.

"You are a splendid soldier, Jack," she said. "You came after all ; but you did more than that—you brought fifty other soldiers with you, as well as the officer who was my friend before."

"Yes," said Jack ; "but you mustn't praise

me for that. I showed your letter to my captain, and when he had read it he remembered that he had heard of you. When you went to the Duke's house yesterday, you met Lieutenant Preston, and when he came back to Rodley he happened to tell the captain of his meeting with you. So your letter reached somebody who already knew something about you, and he showed it at once to Lieutenant Preston. For the lieutenant, you see, is the Duke's nephew. So when he read your letter and remembered you, he said that we should come this way on our march, and see if we could see you. And that was how it happened."

Then the sergeant shouted "Fall in!" and Jack hurried away to his place, still smiling. A moment more and the march had begun—*left, right, left, right*—down the Shady Road towards Mayfield; but the wonderful thing was that as they passed in front of Avril and her uncle the young officer, a real Duke's nephew, saluted her, just as if she had been a Field-Marshal; and following their officer's example, they all did the same, from smiling Jack Brown to the old, grey, rosy-faced sergeant himself. It was, I believe, the proudest moment of her life, and she could not take her glowing eyes off that moving column until it had quite vanished round the curve.

When they had gone the others prepared to go too, for it was now nearly tea-time. But first they took another look at the old house, and saw that there was a soldier at every door; and it seemed to Avril that the House of the Ogress did not look grim and lonely and dreadful any more. Perhaps that was because its secret had been discovered and its little captive set free.

There is no need to describe their journey home, and the excitement in the village as they passed through, and the warm welcome that met Boy Harold in the face and in the home of big-hearted Aunt Hilda. The shadows left his eyes for good as soon as he crossed the threshold. Nor is there any need to tell of the people who came up afterwards to hear from Uncle Horace the whole wonderful story of the Culver House secret and the capture of the King's enemies—those clever thieves and forgers whom His Majesty's police had so long been seeking for in vain. We can leave Uncle Horace to tell that story in his own splendid way while we see what happened to the children when tea was over.

They went out to the poultry-yard, each carrying a little stool; and Avril led Harold straight over to Sir George's dwelling-place. Then they sat down, and Sir George, watching them with his perkier air, waited for the news.

"Sir George," said Avril, "this is Boy Harold."

Sir George seemed to nod a careless "How do?" Avril, quite satisfied, went on:

"You see I've brought him back with me, and he's going to stay here now. If you're polite, Sir George, he'll sometimes find some nice little worms for you."

"Good!" clucked Sir George, eyeing little Harold much more kindly.

Then Avril told him the whole story of the afternoon, greatly, no doubt, to his astonishment. "You deserve to hear it," she said, "because you listened to all my troubles before the happy part began. Now you can rejoice with me, because it's all over and we're happy ever after."

Sir George watched her with a bright, quick eye, and no doubt rejoiced greatly, though without any special sign. Then Avril summed up everything in a last speech full of wonder and delight.

"And oh, Sir George, what a country Berkshire is! Ogres, indeed! Why, there aren't any real Ogres after all—only bad men and women. There are some of those in Essex too, I expect. But the beautiful things in Berkshire! Why, besides Homelands, and Uncle Horace, and Aunt Hilda, there's dear old Mrs. Brown's cottage, with 'Milk and New-Laid Eggs' in the window. And there's Jack, a very real Giant-Killer, coming at the very time he was wanted, gun and all. And there's a giant whose only fault is that he is too kind; and a dear old Duke who is too old to fight any more, but keeps lovely strawberries and cream, and gives gold pounds to strange little girls, and asks them please to ride in his motor-car. Then with the Duke there's a Princess, just the loveliest Princess, with the sweetest face in the world and the softest voice—the Lady Gwendolin. Who would have dreamed of finding all these things in Berkshire, Sir George?"

"Not I, I'm sure," clucked Sir George.

"But there's more yet. With the Duke and the Princess there's a Prince-Cousin, tall and strong and noble. He writes a magic note with a magic pencil, and all the Bishop's-brothers-in-

black open all the doors with a bow, and call the Princess. Then the Prince-Cousin, next thing, waves his little finger, and, lo and behold, fifty soldiers come to him, and march off, and surround the Ogres' Castle, and capture the Ogres, and set the prisoner free. It's better than my best story-book, and yet it's all in Berkshire!"

"Ha!" clucked Sir George; "just think of it!"

"But there's more than that," said Avril, in a gentler tone and after a long pause. "It's in Berkshire, Sir George, that I've found my brother!"

Sir George said nothing then, but it may be supposed that his long, steady gaze — unusually long and steady for such a restless little fellow—meant understanding and sympathy. So, quite satisfied, Avril said good-night to him, and the children picked up their stools and went in.

They placed the stools under the table in the hall, and then Boy Harold, to Avril's surprise, went straight on to the stairs.

"It's not bed-time yet," she said.

"No," he replied huskily. "Come here."

She went nearer. He was on the first step, and nearly as tall as she. When she stood near, he paused a moment to look into her eyes, and she saw that there were tears in his own. Poor little fellow! He had hardly found his tongue yet in his new home—hardly realized that he was safe from his enemies.

"Come nearer!" he said.

So she stepped nearer; and then he threw his arms around her neck, holding her close and at the same time kissing her with all his might. It was such a clasp and such a kiss! Then he drew back a little, only to whisper sobbingly:

"I'll be your brother—indeed, indeed!"

* * * *

If I wished to make this story longer, I could easily write seven chapters about the three weeks that followed, while Avril and Boy Harold enjoyed their holiday at Homelands.

But I have no time for those seven chapters, nor any space to print them, and must hurry towards the end. The trial took place, and both Avril and Harold were there. The judge was very splendid in his wig and scarlet robes, and the men of the Culver House, as well as the Ogress, were sentenced to be punished. Then the Duke, who was present, asked what was to be done with the boy. The judge said that he was to go to relatives in Scotland; but the Duke begged that

Harold might be given to the one who wanted him most. I give you three guesses as to who that was, and I think you will guess right at the first try. So it was arranged that Mr. Hayes should take charge of him, and when I last saw Avril she was clasping Harold by the hand, wonder in her eyes, and sunshine on her face.

THE END.



JACK and LONGTAIL



JACK the hare was cuddled snugly under a thick snow blanket in his "form," as his home is called, near a fence that divided a garden from a cornfield.

The form was on the field side of the fence, and the snow quite hid it from sight. But the dog who lived in the garden could have found it, because Jack's breath had melted a little breathing-hole in the snow above him.

Jack, however, knew that the dog would not leap the fence, so he felt quite comfortable; and he was wondering how soon he should have another nibble at the dainties that were to be found in the garden.

"Not till the snow melts," said he; "then, dog or no dog, I'll try for some more parsley," and he twitched his nose with delight at the thought.

Just then he heard a faint scratching, and a field mouse broke through the snow under his very nose.

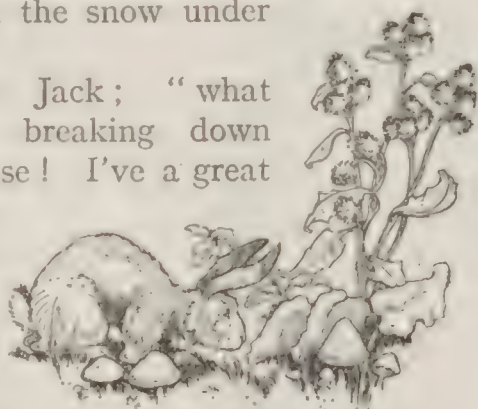
"Heyday!" cried Jack; "what very bad manners, breaking down the walls of my house! I've a great mind to stamp on you, only you are so very small."

"Beg pardon," said Longtail the field mouse. "I was just making a tunnel under the snow to see whether there were any sprouts of corn in this direction, and broke your wall quite by accident. No offence meant, I'm sure. I wouldn't hurt you for the world, but a nasty pig has rooted up and eaten my winter store of corn. I'm forced to look about me. It's hard on a thrifty mouse like myself."

Now Jack was so much surprised at the coolness of the field mouse that he forgot to be angry, and said gently, "Oh, never mind. There's nothing *here*; but if you go under the fence, you may find something nice in the garden; or if you're tired, you may sit between my paws—it's warm there."

"I *do* feel tired," said Longtail, sitting down. "'Tis weary work driving a tunnel through snow that's frozen almost into ice; and perhaps you can tell me about the garden while I rest. Are there any traps there?"

"No," said Jack; "but there's a dog."



"Dogs are clumsy things," said the mouse; "I don't think much of *them*. Now a cat is quite different. Any cats there?"

"I can't say," replied Jack; "cats don't trouble me."

"Oh," said Longtail, "but then you're bigger than I am."

"Several sizes," said Jack, with great good humour.

"Oh, *size* isn't everything," squeaked Longtail as proudly as he could. Just then a great *bang* startled them both, and made Jack crouch close to the earth, shaking with fear.

"A gun!" cried Jack, his great black eyes full of horror. "I wonder whether it is one of my brothers or a poor partridge or pheasant the sportsman has shot!"

"Now don't upset yourself," said Longtail. "It may only be Jimmie the crow-boy firing to frighten the birds off the corn."

"It can't be that," replied Jack. "The snow is everywhere, so Jimmie is not watching to-day; and I am sure the dog will scent my breathing-hole. Oh, if I only knew which way to go!"

"I'll just pop my head up and take a look round," said Longtail. "Don't be downhearted," and he began to scratch his way through the snow.

When he looked out he could only see a very little way, because he was so small. So he ran up a small birch tree, sat on a bough, and took a good look all round. Then he ran back again to tell Jack what he had seen.

"Well?" said Jack, who was still shaking with fear.

"I could not see anything but snow and trees and the fence when I looked out," said Longtail, "so I ran up a tree. Then I saw a man with a sort of bent stick, thick and flat at one end."

"Why, that's a gun," said Jack.

"There were two dogs," Longtail went on. "But while I looked one was taken ill or turned to stone, for he went quite stiff, one paw held up, his tail quite straight, and his head down; so I felt glad, for he couldn't hurt any one while he was all stony like that."

"He was a smooth dog, wasn't he?" asked Jack in a great hurry.

"Yes, quite smooth like me."

"He's not ill, or turned to stone; he was making a point," said Jack, with some scorn.



"Well," said the friendly field mouse, "his tail *did* look very pointy, now you mention it."

"Dogs point with their *noses*, not with their *tails*," said Jack. He could have laughed at his little friend's



blunder, only he was too polite, as well as too much afraid. "He's showing his horrid master where the partridges, or perhaps some brothers of mine, are hidden," he said.

"Well, I do call that mean," cried the field mouse. "Isn't his master clever enough by himself to kill poor little birds?"

"He isn't clever enough to find them," said Jack.

"There was another dog, rather curly," went on Longtail.

"Yes, yes, I know him," said Jack. "He goes after things that are trying to get away when wounded. He will even bring them out of the water and take them to his master." *Bang, bang!* "There! what did I tell you? Those cruel creatures give one no peace. I must really be off before they find me."

"Where will you go?" asked Longtail.

"Over the fence into the garden. The dogs can't be in two places at once."

"Can you run up the fence?" asked Longtail.

"I can jump it," said Jack, with pride.

"It's very high," said Longtail.

"As high as a man, but not too high for me to jump when danger is near. So good-bye." Then Jack sat up straight and looked round, as hares do when alarmed.

"You'll find me here after dark if you like to come for a chat," he said, and with one grand spring he cleared the fence. Then he ran across the garden, and hid in some thick evergreens till the night came.

When it was dark, knowing the sportsman and dogs would now return to the house, he crept through a broken place in the fence, and went gently back to his form. And as the snow fell gently again that night, he was soon warm and cosy once more.



Motto for December.

*Who speaks not needful truth lest it offend
Hath spared himself, but sacrificed his friend.*

COWPER.

Sent in by BESSIE POPE,
Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop,
to whom a book prize has been awarded.

Stories for Younger Readers.

The Voice in the Churn.

IN an old farmhouse in Yorkshire lived Farmer George and his family.

In the same old farmhouse lived a brownie. The people in the house never saw it, but they knew it was there all the time.

The brownie troubled Farmer George very much, as well as his boys and girls.

Sometimes the children's bread-and-butter would be snatched away just as they were lifting it to their mouths. At other times their bowls of milk would be upset by a hand that was never seen.

And, worst of all, at night the curtains of their beds would be shaken backwards and forwards!

But sometimes the boys had fine sport with the brownie.

One day a knot was driven out of the door of a dark cupboard, leaving a round hole. In this hole one of the boys placed the small end of a shoe horn.

The horn was at once thrown out right across the room, and, of course, every one said that the brownie had done this.

After that the boys played this game whenever they wanted some fun.

At last the brownie became such a pest that Farmer George made up his mind to leave the house and let the mischievous fairy have it all to himself.

The day came for moving, and Farmer George stood near the gate of his house in the early morning. Then a man from the village came up to him and said,—

"Well, George, so you're leaving the old house at last?"

"Yes," said the farmer. "You see the brownie is such a pest we're forced to flit."

Just then a little voice came from a deep

churn which stood near the farmer. "Ay, ay, we're flitting, you see."

"Dear me," said the farmer slowly, "is that you? Well, if *you* mean to go with us, we may as well stay where we are."

Lost on the Moor.

SOME boys and girls who read this story may have heard the Bainbridge horn; others may have heard *about* it; but every one ought to know what it is and why it is blown.

Bainbridge is a pretty village in the north of Yorkshire. It lies in the Wensley Dale, near a little stream called the Bain, which comes from Simmer Water.

Every night during winter a horn is blown at ten o'clock in this village. The sound can be heard some miles away.

It is blown as a guide to any one who may have lost his way on the moors.

On a fine summer day it does not seem easy to lose one's way. But when the fogs come and the snow falls the traveller cannot see the path. He is then in great danger.

One winter day two boys left their homes to go across a wide Yorkshire moor to some farmhouses. It was St. Thomas's Day, and they knew that the farmers' wives would give them cake and cheese and pennies.

At night a thick fog came on, and the boys did not come home. People knew that they must be lost

on the moor, but they could do nothing till daylight came.

Then a party of men set out to look for the boys, but they could not find them.

Later in the day a cart came into the village with one of the boys lying in a heap of straw.

He was cold and weak and ill, but he was able to say where his playmate could be found. Then the men of the village set out again to look for him.

They went along in a line, walking as far apart as they could get without losing sight of each other. After a time one of them found the second boy lying in a big hole under some heather.

He was lifted up and taken to a farmhouse, where he was put into a warm, cosy bed.

After a while the boys were able to tell how they had spent the night.

When the fog came on, they said, they missed the path. They tried again and again to find it, but could not do so.

At last they felt so tired that they had to lie down in a big hole under the heather. They kept close to each other; but they were wet through, and very cold and hungry.

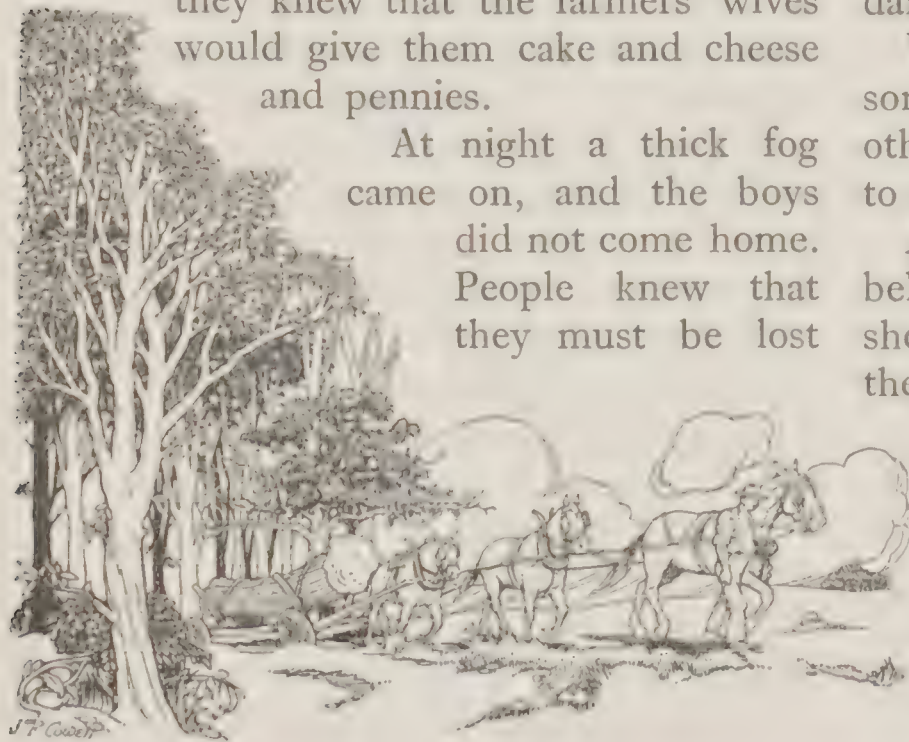
Still they did not lose heart. One cheered up the other, and they spent the long, dark, cold hours of the night in waiting.

When morning came they were stiff and sore. One of them could not stand. The other was able to walk, and set out at once to get help.

After walking a long way he heard a bell, and knew that a horse was near. He shouted out again and again, and at last the driver heard him.

The man stopped his horse, and saw the boy limping across the moor. He ran to him, lifted him in his arms, and put him among the straw in the cart.

As soon as he could he set out for the boy's home; and the rest of the story you know.



Our Competitions.

Rules for Competitors.

COMPETITORS *must* attend to the following rules :—

1. Subject to the age limits, you may enter for any or all of the competitions, but you must attach to your answers one Competition Form cut from page 144 of the current number of the paper. It must be filled up as directed.

2. A Competition Form *must be attached to one of the papers sent in by each competitor.* Other competitions entered must have the name, address, and age of the sender written distinctly upon them.

3. Care should be taken with *writing and neatness*, as these will be taken into consideration in judging all competitions.

4. Address your answers to "Editress," *Children's Paper*, c/o Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Parkside Works, Edinburgh.

5. No answers received later than December 15 will be considered.

[We rely upon you to send in your own unaided work.]

ARITHMETICAL COMPETITION.

A gentleman who died recently left the sum of £7,800 to be divided among his widow, five sons, and four daughters. Every son was to receive three times as much as a daughter, and every daughter was to have twice as much as her mother. What was the widow's share?

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (A).

Write an account of your favourite warrior in Bible story.

For Children under Twelve only.

LETTER COMPETITION.

Write a letter to Santa Claus before Christmas Eve.

ISLANDS COMPETITION.

Guess the names of the islands represented below. Write the name in the space at the foot of each, cut out the drawings in one piece, and forward it to the Editress.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B).

Make a drawing of a spray of mistletoe, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.



Competitions for December.

For all Ages up to Sixteen.

ESSAY COMPETITION.

Write an essay on "The Best Film I have seen."

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A).

Make a drawing of a spray of holly, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (B).

Write an account of your favourite boy or girl character in Bible story.

MOTTO COMPETITION.

All readers may enter this competition. A book prize will be given for the motto which is published in the paper. Each motto should have the name of the author from whom the quotation is taken.

Prize List for October.

"ISLANDS" COMPETITION.

[The answers were: Sandwich, Newfoundland, Ireland, Cyprus, Scilly, Canary, Skye, Sicily (or Caroline, May, Belle, Victoria, etc.), New Guinea, Cook (or Franklin, Parry, etc.).]

Prize-Winners.—Arnold P. Austin, 33 High Lane, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester. John B. Macdonald, 697 Cathcart Road, Glasgow. Betty M'Callum, 68 Clarendon Gardens, Ilford.

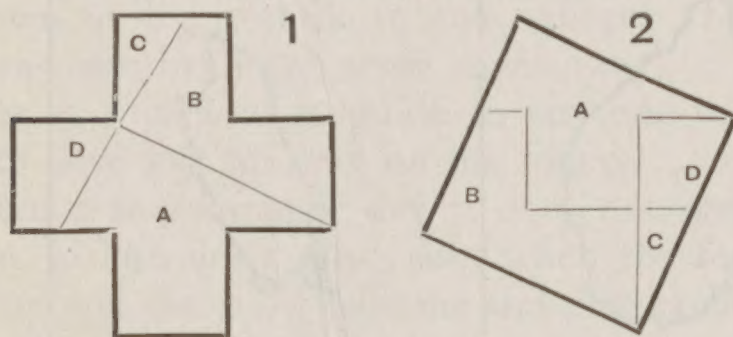
Highly Commended.—Annie Glenville, Cissie Nash, Dorothy Pinyon, and Gladys Tiller, Valley Girls' School, Bromley; Clunie Melville Bell, Cadder, by Bishopbriggs; Mary Gumbleton, Bexley.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A).

Prize-Winners.—Edward Whittle, St. Paul's Church of England School, Adlington, Lancashire. Vera Bridle, Gweedore, Landbanks Road, Parkstone, Dorset. Violet Anderson, 133 Coplaw Street, Govanhill, Glasgow.

Highly Commended.—G. Tiller, Valley Girls' School, Bromley; James E. Lawrance, Northampton; Ella Hadgkiss, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Donald Gould, Southampton; Molly Marks, Bath.

THE CROSS AND THE SQUARE COMPETITION.



[There are several solutions to this problem, and the above figures give one of the simplest.]

Prize-Winners.—Norman Douglas Brown, "Bron-greye," Cyprus Avenue, Bloomfield, Belfast. William Townsend, St. Paul's Church of England School, Adlington, Lancashire. James M'Donald, Railway Cottage, Greenisland, County Antrim.

Highly Commended.—John Semple, Strabane; Edward Whittle and Jim Balshaw, Adlington.

PROVERB COMPETITION.

[The proverb was: Practice makes perfect.]

Prize-Winners.—Joseph Taylor, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop. Edith Eccles, 34 Brelade Road, Old Swan, Liverpool. Marna George, Belfield, St. Austell, Cornwall.

Highly Commended.—Noel Brown, Castle Douglas; Geoffrey Eagling, London; Sidney Ashworth, Heywood; Phyllis Davies, Stoneybridge School; Marie Hammond, Kemberton School; Walter Mansell, New Ferry, near Birkenhead; Marjorie Colebrook, Grimsby; Frank Depper, Rubery, Birmingham.

LETTER COMPETITION.

Prize-Winners.—Sam Day, 19 Margaret Street, Bury. John Pitt, 3 Summer View, Bewdley Hill, Kidderminster. Florence Lay, 7 Festing Road, Putney, London S.W. 15.

Highly Commended.—Barbara Wawn, Sunderland; Norah Kipps, Bury; H. Mullineaux, Adlington; Ella

Bingham, Kidderminster; Ruth Nixon, Muswell Hill; Mary Rawson, St. Dominic's School, Harpenden; Olga Singleton, Mount School, Kersal; Vere Bernstein, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Edith Jones, Kemberton School, Shifnal; George Robinson, Ferryhill.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B).

Prize-Winners.—Ronald Bland, 107 Green Lane, Chadwell Heath, Essex. Noel Jones, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge. Betty Hoad, 17 Kingshall Road, Beckenham, Kent.

Highly Commended.—Tom Arrowsmith, Adlington; John Wrighty, Bury; Connie Hutchens, Bristol; George Carr, Fishburn; Janette Brash, Kersal; Fred Elliott, Altofts, near Normantown; Philip Goode, Rubery, near Birmingham.

PORTRAIT COMPETITION.

The portraits given in the October number were: William Shakespeare, King George V., Lord Roberts, W. G. Grace, Mary Queen of Scots, George Washington.

Important Announcement.

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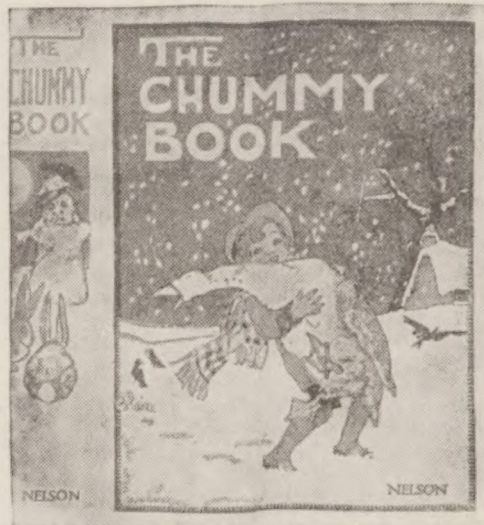


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